WOMANKIND AT WHIST.

WOMANKIND AT WHIST.

Well, can it be, I took that trick?
Perhaps you've heard that Jamie's sick
For tirree days past; he's had the mumps.
I never knew that hearts were trumps.
Now, Major Dow, what did you say?
But wait—third hand? 'tis then my play,
You'll pardon me, I wish to ask
Of Major where he bought that flask—
How cheap it was—indeed a chance.
The doctor says I cannot dance
This year—perhaps—your card? Well, there,
I'll play my queen, that trick is square.
I counted right, I know I did.
Yes, chanois' worn much more than kid.
O, did you see the morning's press.
The fashlon notes about that dress?
But don't let's taik, I'll lose my head,
And noisy whist I simply dread.
Yet, while I think about that lace—
Partner, did you play that ace?
Late the natteris, nice and fine— Yet, while I think about that lace—
Partner, did you play that ace?
I have the patterns, nice and fine—
Would you believe that trick is mine!
Another game? Weil, we're in luck,
I read that loke last week in Puch,
We'd better stop before we lose—
I'm sure if I were to choose
Between the two, I'd not take Jim,
But then, of course, 'tis Anna's whim,
Well, good-night all, I just love whist,
And trust next time, I'm on your list.
—Ailten Marie McDonald in Detroit Free Press.

3.

prs

D TO.

DA.

. 9

٧3,

ns

zer.

THE TONE OF VOICE.

It is not so much what you say, As the manner in which you say it; It is not so much the language you us As the tone in which you convey it.

The words may be mild and fair. And the tones may pierce like a dart; The words may be soft as the summer a And the tones may break the heart.

For words but come from the mind, And grow by study and art. But the tones leap from the inner self, And reveal the state of the heart,

Whether you know it or not— Whether you mean or care— Gentleness, kindness, love and hate, Envy and anger are there.

Then would you quarrels avoid.
And in peace and love rejoice.
Keep anger not only out of your words,
But keep it out of your words.

- Youth's Companion.

TORIES OF LIFE

A BATCH OF YARNS AND ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATIVE OF MODERN LIFE AND CHARACTER.

FELT the moment I saw him that Dr. Arnold was not an ordinary man. He hired my first floor, as if in search of patients, but he seemed uncomfortably off, if not wealthy. He brought a quantity of things into the house, though I considered my two parlors well furnished. First came a desk, then a bookcase, and lastly a wagon-load of huge trunks.

The front parior was his office, the back his surgery, and he used the extension for a bed-chamber. I was delighted when I caught sight of the rooms after the doctor and his colored servant had arranged them. The doors and windows were all draped with magnificent curtains or portieres made of rich stuff, embroid-ered in strange patterns. Goblins, birds, butterflies and queer creatures, such as I had never seen or heard of reveled all over the curtains, which were framed of heavy, dark green silk. Much of the embroidery was in gold, and all the porticers were finished with heavy gold bullion fringes. Then there were rugs and mats so brilliant and beautiful that they seemed to my eyes handsome enough to be framed like pictures.

The thought came into my mind that the doctor's wealth must be unbounded, and I felt I must respect even if I did not

As I gazed the servant came in with his stealthy step, as noiselessly as a snake. He bowed and addressed me in broken

He bowed and addressed me in broken English.

"What Missy Sahib wishes?" he asked in his smooth, silly voice.

I disliked the man as much as I liked his master. He was not like any colored man I had ever seen. He was tall and thin, and his long face always wore a smile, but his eyes were like a snake's, and so were his movements, and his long, straight hair seemed glued to his narrow head.

head.
"Nothing. I am only admiring the rooms. Those curtains are beautiful."
"They are from my country," he said, howing, as if I had paid him a compli-

And what country is that?"

"And what country is that?"
"India. I am a Hindoo."
After that I did not see much of master or man. They had paid the rent and gave no trouble. The servant waited on his master and they were very quiet lodgers, for the doctor had scarcely a patient.

After they had been two months in the louise the doctor sent me, word that he

house the doctor sent me word that would be absent a few days and did not wish any one to enter his rooms. Now I should have mentioned that I am a woman, and must also confess that I inherit my own share of Mother Eve's esity; so as soon as I saw the doct ocity; so as soon as I saw the doctor go out of the house I was determined I should examine his apartments at my leisure. Mustapia, the man, however, remained behind and I hap to possess my soul in patience till he should be out of the way.

The opportunity came three days after the doctor's departure. Mustapha came up to inform me that he was going out for

short time. No sooner was be out of the house than I took my bunch of keys—for, like most landladies, I have a spare key for every room in the house, and take care to go through them, for an unprotected woman does not want to harbor anarchists with-our knowing it—and unlocked the door of

the extension.

Dear me! What heaps of beautiful things there were in these rooms. China so refined and thin that it looked as if a breath would destroy it, odd images of gold and silver, bronzes, dishes and figures and most of the idols—for such I after-wards learned they were—had great eyes. made of precious stones, that seemed to

Tellow me about and made me nervous.

I took my time and was in the front parior when I heard a carriage drive up to the door, and peeping out, what was my horror to see the doctor alight in company with Mustapha and a stranger. Before I could move they were in the house. I darted behind a portiere, trusting they would soon go out, for I hate to be caught in any act that looks mean, and I resolved to make my escape as soon as I had the place to myself.

place to myself. place to myself.

To my surprise Mustapha proceeded to lock the door—the curtains were already close drawn before every window—and he lit two or three large lamps, which gave out a delicious perfume which caused my head to service.

head to swim.

He then took out a copper braiser and kindled a fire in it. The flames shot up and the perfume grew stronger and seemed to fill the room with moving forms amid the smoke. I stood like a person bewitched, and Mustapha began to chant in some outlandish tongue. ome outlandish tongue.

some outlandish tongue.

The doctor stood motionless, his great, hollow, gray eyes fixed on a hideous image that stood on a pedestal. His long, thin face wore a terrible expression, his hair seemed to stand on end and a ghastly grin distorted his features.

At length the limdoo stopped his chant and the doctor turned to the stranger.

and the doctor turned to the stranger, who was a fine-looking elderly gentleman, but who seemed to be dreadfully nervous

and pale.
"That rite is complete. It is a portion of the worship of the goddess Siva."
I nearly screamed out. So they were worshipping that ugly image in my back parlor? Worse was to come, however. The man placed a queer shaped teakettle over the coals, and soon it began to sing as if a Christian woman was going to a Christian woman was going to

"Come here!" I sharply said.
And the baby cowered and wept;
"Come here!" I coosed, and he looked and sint
And straight to my lap he crept.

the enormous trunks. It was covered with a tiger skin, which he threw aside.
"Examine your seals," said the doctor.
"See if they have been tampered with."
"No." The stranger looked paler, and seemed

more nervous every moment.

He had examined the seals on the locks of the trunk carefully. It had three.

"They are just as they were three months ago to-day."

"Yes."

The doctor struck a match and lit a taper. He held the flame to the red wax and the seals melted.

"Unlock the trunk."

The stranger drew a key from his pocket and did so with trembling hands.

The lid was thrown back and Mustapha, assisted by his master, drew a shapeless form from the trunk and laid it on the carpet.

carpet.
"I believe my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth or I should have screamed. The form was inclosed in a large box, and it was a dead body.
"Examine these seals also."

Around the mouth of the bag a rope was tied, and the knots were sealed like the

tied, and the knots were sealed like the trunk.

"Three months ago," returned the doctor, "my daughter, who was born in India and is of the relion of Shamin, took under her a vow to perform this sacrifice in honor of the great goddess Siva. She closed her throat by swallowing strips of linnen after the manner of Hindoo fakirs. She then threw herself into a cataleptic state, and I, in your presence, scaled her nostrils with plugs of fax steeped in wax. I then inclosed her pulseless and rigid form in this shroud, the seals of which are still intact. I shall now restore her to life."

still intact. I shall now restore her to life."

Meanwhile Mustapha had been busy mixing a paste of flour-like stuff and boiling water in a shining brass bowl.

The doctor broke the seals and drew down the shroud, revealing the form of a woman. Her face was shriveled and brown like a mummy. As I stood, hoping I was in a horrid dream, he went on: "Observe that this body is cold and pulseless as it was when I placed it in that trunk three months ago." months ago. The stranger bowed. He seemed on the

The stranger bowed. He seemed on the point of fainting.

The doctor calmly drew the plugs of flag from the nostrils and opened the mouth. The tongue was doubled back and he restored it to its normal position. He then took the paste from the servant and poured some of it over the head and emptied the best leaves the back. kettle over the body. Again and again he applied the paste, and at length said calmly: "The pulse is beating and respira-

Mustapha handed him a goblet full of a beautiful rose-colored liquid and he poured it down the throat of the body. In a moment the corpse opened its eyes, the face grew lifelike and the hands began to

At the sight of this I fell senseless.
When I was restored to consciousness I found myself on the lounge; the doctor was bending over me and the large trunk was removed.

I send expand in heavilderment. The

was removed.

I gazed around in bewilderment. The lamps still burned and the copper brazier stood beside the ugly fool, which made me shiver as it seemed to watch me with its

"You have disobeyed my orders and have suffered for it," said the doctor coolly, as he offered me wine.

I waved him away and rose to my feet.

You must leave my house this very
!" I exclaimed.

"Very good. And you—must be silent."
He gave me such a fearful look I grew cold all over. A shrill laugh sounded near me, and looking around I caught sight of the dead

Dead no longer! A living body with a dark, evil face and deep, glittering eyes.
"You see, madame," said he, in a mocking, devilish manner, "you feel the

effects of our experiment more than I do. Shake hands and assure yourself I am

alive."
"No." I said indignantly. "I renounce the devil and all his works. Begone out of my house!"

I left the room and crept up to my bed, where I lay for weeks. My faithful servant, Maggie, nursed me back to health, but my mind was ill at case.

I determined to hear the worst, and asked her one day, suddenly: "Has the dector gone and taken all belonging to him?"
"Yes, ma'am; the day you took sick."

him?"
"Yes, ma'am: the day you took sick, and do you know that he had a daughter with him? I was struck when I saw her go out, for she did not come in the carriage that day. I saw them come in."
"What did she look like, Maggie?" I asked, faintly.

Awful thin and dark as an Indian, with horrid-looking eyes, like coals of fire."

The doctor had left a note for me. It contained \$500. On the paper wrapper around the bills was written, "Be silent or beware."

I have been silent for years, but tell my story now to let people know what strange things can happen in a large city like New

SAVED BY ELOQUENCE.

HE officers of the Illinois Humane society detailed to prosecute the participators in the tame fox-hunt at Fairland are much disturbed over the methods of legal procedure in Douglas county. The action against the fox huntmake a civilized cup of tea.

"Now for an experiment," said Dr. Arnold, and Mustapha drew forward one of cola Tuesday. Witnesses testified before

cited a Massachusetts decision sustaining the Humane society, which, while not denying the right of men to hunt and kill wild foxes, held that a tame fox, cared for in captivity by man from the time it was only a few days old, is a domestic animal. C. W. Wolverton of Tuscola, attorney for the defendants, then addressed the jury. He troubled himself but little about

jury. He troubled himself but little about replying to arguments of the Chicago lawyer, but the fact that a Massachusetts decision had been cited severely wounded his local pride.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he said, "we are residents of the state of Illinois in the glorious West—wild and woolly, if you will—where each man is an independent American citizen. What is Massachusetts? An alien commonwealth. It is Massachusetts. Why, gentlemen of the jury, on Boston Common to-day witches are burned at the stake and if a man is found outside of a church Sunday he is placed in a lockup. What has Massachusetts to do with us? We are American citizens and we want to chase foxes and we chase foxes."

After hearing which the 12 good men

we chase foxes."

After hearing which the 12 good men and true of Tuscola rendered a verdict for the defendants. The Humane society had hoped to make this a test case under the state laws, which provide that any person guilty of "torturing any animal" shall be subject to a fine of not more than \$200. The Massachusetts decision was directly in point, and although the justice before whom the action was brought was manifestly. whom the action was brought was mani-festly impartial, the jury, which was com-posed largely of friends of the defendants, rendered a favorable decision on the ques-tions of law impossible.

MY MORNIN' NAP.

On the sunny side of forty, when my popes was full o' sap.

I didn't care so mighty much about my mornin' nap; I'd liked to beat the sun hisself a gittin' out of bed. An' watch him fling his banners up o' yaller and

o' red.
An' see the shadders sneak away and hide amongst the trees.
An' hear the birds a-twitterin' an' feel the mornin' breeze.
At 5 o'clock the whole year roun', 1'd never fail

to rouse. An' Mary'd cook the breakfus' while I'd go an milk the cows.

But many a thing is changed since then an' somehow this of chap
Has changed the most o all, I guess, an' now my mornin' nap
'S the best thing that I get all day, I don't care nary red
To hear the birds er beat of Soi a-gittin' out of bed.

bed.
There ain't no birds nor risin' sun in all the earthly zones
Kin drive away my rheumatiz an' limber up my bones
Like lyin' still o' mornin's, in a geptle sort o' While Mary cooks the breakfus' an' the hired man milks the cows.

—Carric Blake' Morgan,

PLEASURES OF NEW MEXICO.

66T HAD an experience in New Mexico last summer, the frightful impress of which hasn't yet been entirely effaced from my mind," said Col. Andrew Campbell of Montgomery, Ala., to a Globe-Democrat reporter. "I have a large area of wild land in the extreme southern part of that territory and went out there to look at it. Mounted upon a bronco and with a faithful mosa (Mexican servant) as my companion, I left the Southern Pacific for long jaunt across the burning sand to emerged from the vast barren stretch into the dense foliage of the Madalina canyon my Mexican servant uttered a piercing cry of warning, and there, only five or six feet in front of us, I saw a huge Mexican line grouped in the tall group big land lion crouched in the tall grass, his lank sides throbbing with the joyous prospect chester between the ears of my bronco. took splendid aim at the vicious, hungry east and fired. Through the puff of smol saw the lion leap backward like a cat and fall to the earth. My bullet had penetrated his brain, and he was dead in two minutes. My only thought was then to get his pelt to carry back to civilization as a precious trophy. I dismounted and was proceeding to skin my game when my mosa again uttered one of his awful cries and dashed off down the canyon. Within two feet of where I was standing I saw a slimy green lizard-shaped reptile blinking his red eyes at me as he lazily crawled toward me. It was a Gila monster, the most terribly poisonous reptile on earth, and from whose bite men and beasts are said to die instantly and their flesh to rot in an hour. It is needless to say that I sprang upon my mule with the utmost alacrity, and got away from that spot, leaving the lion's hide on him. But my troubles were not yet at an end. We had not proceeded two miles further up the canyon when we found ourselves in the very midst of a colony of scorpions. There were literally millions of them. They scampered up the legs of my bronco. Whipping them with their tails, and driving their stings through the tough hide of the bronco's legs until the little beast fairly groaned with pain. It was impossible to fight them off the mule, for I had my own welfare to look after, and was stung, I thought, a thousand times before I got through the colony. When we finally reached a point of safety the Mexican was almost a maniac, and I wasn't much better. Good God, how I shudder now when I think of the indescribable horrors of a century that were crowded into that three hours' experience! I wouldn't go through it again for all the land on the earth." ted his brain, and he was dead in two minutes. My only thought was then to

I wouldn't go through it again for all the and on the earth."

WHY HE DROPPED HIS GUN ** AS I ever in a fuss?" the veteran cowboy. "Well. little ones, once in a while When a man raises a gun on me I'm go ng to do whatever he wants just as qui as I can. I've heard men in towns say they wasn't afraid of a gun. Well, I am: and so would they be if they had ridden from Texas to Montana as often as l

man pulled a gun on me, and I didn't like to do what he wanted. You see, I don't drink liquor, and I'd refuse \$500 sooner than corral a spoonful of it. I was in a me to drink. He was a stranger, or he'd 'a' known better than to ask me, and he was steaming drunk, too. I thanked him, and told him I didn't care o drink. I was unarmed but he was fixed,' and he whips out his gun-a 45caliber six-shooter, and he says: out a glass of rum and chuck it in yourself, or I'll make windows in your skull."

He had me, and I want to tell you a man

a jury that a tame fox had been chased by the defendants and their bounds, and had been caught and torn to pieces by the latter. Attorney A. W. Thomas of Chicago only got to press hard enough to move two ounces when the thing'll go off. A man doesn't get ab-sent-minded under the circumgo off. A man doesn't get absent-minded under the circumstances; he 'tends to whatever business is asked of him. I replied that certainly I would drink, and that I didn't know he was so pressing. I grabbed the bottle, poured out the poison, and was just raising the glass, with a 'Here's looking at you, pard,' when a friend of mine came in the door. He saw the lay of the land and he walked up and stuffed the muzzle of his six-shooter right in the drunken man's ear, and he says, 'Drop it' Up to that time it had been a tableau and not a word spoken, but when my friend said, 'Drop it' the feller let his gun fall as you would have done with a mouthful of scalding coffee."—Julian Ralph in Harper's Weekly

THE REBEL YELL.

IFE in the country, especially in our southern country, where people lived far apart and were employed oftentimes at a considerable distance from one another and from the houses and homes in which they are and slept, tended, by exercise in communicating with one another, to strengthen and improve their voices for high and prolonged notes, says a writer in the Century. A wider range to the vocal sounds was constantly afforded and frequently required.

The voices of women as well as of men were often utilized for "long-distance calls." It may be amusing to note the difference in intonation which was usually exhibited by the sexes. When a man had occasion to summon any one from a distance, the prolonged tone was placed on

tance, the prolonged tone was placed on the first note, the emphasis on the second thus: "O-O-Oh, John!" If a female called, the prolonged tone and the emphasis were both placed on the last note—thus: "You, Johnny-y-y!"

Hallooing, sereaming, yelling for one person or another, to their dogs, or some of the cattle on the plantation, with the accompanying reverberations from hill-tops, over valleys and plains, were familiar sounds throughout the farming districts of the South in the days gone by. It used to be said by my father's old negroforeman that he could be distinctly understood a mile or more away.

Toreinan that he could be distinctly under-stood a mile or more away.

Hunting, which was enjoyed and in-dulged in more or less by nearly every citi-zen of the South, was also conducive to this characteristic development.

WHITE MEN TURN BLACK.

F. WALTERS, a young chemist A. Summit avenue, Jersey City Summit avenue, dersey City
Heights, entertained a few of his friends
some nights ago with a bit of legerdemain, says the New York World.
Seating one of the company in
the middle of the room the chemist procured a mysterious-looking black wand
which he began to waive about the head of
his subject. The face, neck and hands of
the subject, who was of very light complexion, instantly began to grow darker
until they were very dark brown.

After the astonishment of the spectators had subsided the young chemist explained that his magic was but the result
of a very difficult chemical reaction
that he had been working to obtain
for a year. He had washed the face,
neck and hands of the subject with
a transparent solution. Under his own
arm he had concealed a small rubber bag
of gas, which was connected by rubber
tube with the black wand, itself a hollow
tube, so that while waving the wand he
had ejected the gas. As soon as the gas
came in contact with the solution on the
skin a dark-brown compound resulted
from the reaction.

Mr. Walters got the idea of his inven-Heights, entertained a few of his friends

skin a dark-brown compound resulted from the reaction.

Mr. Walters got the idea of his inven-tion while watching the transformation tricks in one of the Hanlon plays. His first experiment he made on the face of a young German. It worked perfectly as far as coloring the man was concerned, but the black would not wash off and the German security sources and the security security. but the black would not wash off and the German spent several unhappy days trying to wear it off. But now Walters has warked on his compound until it will wash off more easily than cork black. A number of minstrel and theatrical companies are negotiating with him for the exclusive use of the truck. Mr. Walters is also working on preparations to turn a black man white, a white man red and a red man white.

SHE CAN'T HELP IT.

There's a fierce determined glitter shining from There's a fierce determined glitter shining from ber azure eye.

She's a-ripping all the carpets up and pulling things awry.

She has wrapped a towel around her head and donned her oidest gown.

For house cleaning must be finished, though the heavens tumble down.

And her husband gazes sadly at her soot-be sprinkled face.

At her weird and awful costume, as she flies about the place. the place, ne wonders and he ponders, as she rushes

And he to and fro. Can this really be the angel that I wed a year

HOW THEY SHOOT IN TEXAS.

Rangers would not tell of their adventures, he asked them to adventures, he asked them to show how they could shoot, and, as this was something they could do, and not something already done, they went about it as gleefully as schoolboys at recess doing "stunts." They placed a board, a foot wide and two feet high, some 60 feet off in the prairie, and Sheriff Schoeley opened hostilities by whipping out his revolver, turning it in the air, and shooting with the sights upside down into the bull's eye of the impromptu target. He did this without discontinuing what he was saying to me, says Richard Harding Davis in Harper's Weekly, but rather as though he were puncturating his remarks with audible commas.

Then he said: "I didn't think o' you rangers would let a little one-penny sheriff get in the first shot on you. He could afford to say this, because he had been a ranger himself, and his brother Joe was one of the best captains the rangers have had, and he and all of his six brothers are over six feet high. But the taunt produced an instantaneous volley from every man in the company; they did not take the trouble to rise, but shot from where they happened to be sitting or lying and talking together, and the air show how they could shoot, and, as this

from where they happened to be sitting or lying and talking together, and the air rang with the reports, and a hundred quick, vibrating little gasps, like the singing of a wire string when it is tightening on a banjo.

on a banjo.

They exhibited some most wonderful shooting. They shot with both hands at the same time, with the hammer underneath, holding the rifle in one hand, and never, when it was a revolver they were using, with a glance at the sights. They would sometimes fire four shots from a Winchester between the time they had picked it up from the ground and before

it had nestled comfortably against their shoulder. They also sent one man on a pony racing around a tree about as thick as a man's leg, and were dissatisfied because he put four out of six shots into it. Then General Mabry, who seemed to think I did not fully appreciate what they were doing, gave a Winchester rifle to Capiain Brooks and myself and told us to show which of us could first put eight shots into the target. It seems that to shoot a Winchester you It seems that to shoot a Winchester you

It seems that to shoot a Winchester you have to pull a trigger one way and work a lever backward and forward. This would naturally suggest that there are three movements—one to throw out the empty shell, one to replace it with another cartridge, and the third to explode this cartridge. Captain Brooks, as far as I can make out from the sound, used only one movement for his entire as far as I can make out from the sound, used only one movement for his entire eight shots. As I guessed, the trial was more to show Captain Brooks' quickness rather than his markmanship. I paid no attention to the target, but devoted myself assidiously to manipulating the lever and trigger, and aimed blankly at the prairie. When I had fired two shots into space the captain had put his eighth into the board. They sounded as they went off like firecrackers well started in a barrel, and mine, in comparison like minute guns at sea. The rangers, I found, after I saw more of them, could shoot as rapidly with a revolver as with a rifle, and had become so expert with the smaller weapon that instead of pressing the trigger for each shot they would pull steadily on it, and snap the hammer until the six shots were exhausted.

TRAMPLED THEM TO DEATH.

HE broad sombrero and the long bair of the stranger indicated that he was from the wilds of the wildest west. He was telling the boys in a Clark street resort about some of his experiences in the late Sioux war. A meek lounger arose from a table in the corner of the room and interrupted the exercises by remarking quietly: friend. I've been keeping tab on your stories for the last few minutes and I find that you have accredited yourself with the deaths of 2,760 bucks, to say nothing of squaws and pappooses, within months."

The silence for a moment was oppress

The silence for a moment was oppressive. Then the stranger slowly said: "Is that all? By jingo I must have left out a week's work somewhere."

Another round was drunk in silence. The ready calculator finally ventured to ask a question. "If you have been so successful in exterminating the red men why wouldn't it be a good plan for General Miles to keep his regulars at home and let you do all the fighting for the United States government?"

States government?"
"My health would not permit me to continue in the business." replied the visitor.
"By continually sighting along my gun barrel during the last two weeks I became totally blind."
"But how did you about under such

"But how did you shoot under such circumstances"
"Who said anything about shooting? Of course I couldn't shoot when I was blind. I used to listen and whenever I could bear an Indian I would run him down, trample him in the mud and stamp him to death."

The meeting adjourned. -Chicago Mail. HURT THE KING'S ENGLISH.

NE OF Kentucky's most successful • politicians was a very illiterate man; but a man of strong com-mon sense. I refer to Col. Joseph Le Compte, says the Courier-Journal. He filled many important political offices, and several times represented this district in congress, being a citizen of Henry county, once in this congressional district. In one of his races his competitor was a Louisville lawyer, Thomas Q. Wilson, a college-bred man. Colonel Le Compte had been a soldier in the war of 1812, and fought at the disastrous battle of the River Raisin and other battles of that war. He knew nothing of the rules of grammar, and cared less. Wilson in one of his speeches had ventured to say that the people of the metro politan distret of Kentucky should send an educated man to congress—at least one who did not constantly in his speeches and conversation "butcher the King's English." When Le Compte came to reply he said: "I must admit that I never set my foot inside the walls of a college or academy of learning; while Mr. Wilson was sitting in the halls of the academy and college acquiring a polite education. I, with my knapsack on my back and musket on my shoulder, was up on the River Raisin learning to butcher the King's English." It is needless to say that the accomplished butcher of the King's English was returned to congress. politan distret of Kentucky should send that the accomplished butcher of the King's English was returned to congress.

THREE GENERATIONS OF FLIRTEES

Young grandmamma, of golden locks, I furted with through sin and shade; I furted with your mother, dear, In many a moonlight masquerade, And now you're sitting by my side With gaury tresses waving wide. A winsome maid.

The flying summers have not wooed
A dimple from that bright young brow;
But when I met your mother first
She smilled as you are smiling now,
Like yours, the form, the face as fair,
I yowed to keep her lock of hair—
And kept the yow. One hand I held-a captive small

In mute revolt—was mine misplaced?
Perhaps (observe I say "perhaps")
It girded some one s fairy waist—
Such complications, "its averred,
Might chance " nay, don't be vexed, I
erred In point of fairs."

In point of taste:

I only meant to "illustrate."
Or, as it were, rehearse the scene
Which fancy, ling ring on the past,
Recalls with you, my dainty queen . . .
Ah, yes, time changes, as you'd say—
Bianched beards should not be quite so gay,
But hearts are charmed from growing gray,
With sweet sixteen:
— Temple Bar

WOMEN DISTRUST MEN.

HE utter lack of confidence that woman has in man, says the Pittsburg Post, was illustrated in a Penn avenue cable car the otherday. A lady boarded the car at Sixth street.

"Let me off at Twenty-eighth, please," she said to the conductor. From Sixth to Twelfth streets she was

engaged in getting scated and paying her fare. "Don't forget to let me off at Twenty-eighth, will you?" she said, as the con-ductor took her nickel, and he said he wouldn't At Twentieth she collected her parcels and stared at the conductor to remind

him of his premise.

At Twenty-first she dropped a package which another passenger stepped on, then

window to see if the conductor had called

At Twenty-third to Twenty-fifth she was engaged in mentally criticising the spring suit of the lady opposite her.

At Twenty-sixth she nodded at the conductor.

At Twenty-seventh she stood up and got ready to leave the car.

As it stopped at Twenty-eighth street, she stepped from and the platform with a sigh of relief exclaimed: "Those horrid conductors can't be trusted to remember anything."

A MODERN POET.

1TH apologies to the Week we herewith republish in full some lines of poetry (transposed) which

A year ago the world was fair.
A year ago the world was fair.
A year ago the world was fair.
Ay ite with love was left uncrossed,
My life with love was left uncrossed.
I sipped of pleasure everywhere.
My life was then unknown to care,
But now my days are tempest-tossed.

I would not that he came to die.

My throbbing heart may not deny
His lowliest loys all griefs outweigh,
I would not have him flee away.

The young man who perpetrated the foregoing is evidently in a bad way, and his case is all the more distressing on account of his lack of ideas and lan-guage. We rush to his aid before the thoughtles reader may think that the poet has been listening to an anthem by the village church choir or to the strains of

La-ra-ra boom-de-ay,	7
fa-ra-ra boom- 19-ay.	1
l'a-ra-ra boom-de-ay,	3
Ta-ra-ra boom-de-ay,	3
Ta-ra-ra boom-de-ay,	3
Ta-ra-ra boom-de-ay,	7
Ta-ra-ra boom-de-ay,	
Ta-ra-ra boom-de-ay.	
-Toronto E	1

REDDING STAGE ROBBERY.

Redding Special to the San Francisco Chronicle At 6 o'clock this evening two masked men fired into the Redding and Shasta stage while it was coming up a long grade five miles above this place, fatally wound-ing Wells-Fargo Messenger Buck Montgomery, and securing the treasure box, which is believed to have contained in the neighborhood of \$20,000. The driver and a passenger were also slightly injured. It is thought that the highwaymen were the same men who stopped the stage on last Tuesday and secured so little for their

As the stage reached the top of the grade two men suddenly appeared from a clump of bushes beside the road. Both were masked with red bandana handkerchiefs and were armed, one with a shotgun and the other with a rifle. John Boyce was driving, with a man named George Suhr on the box beside him. Buck Montgomery, the messenger, was on the back seat

The man armed with the shotgun ordered the stage to be stopped and the pas-senger on the box to throw up his hands. He then ordered the treasure box to be thrown out. The driver complied. this time the messenger inside got a bead on the highwayman and blazed away. The highwayman dropped to his knees, and simultaneously with his partner hid in the brush. The fire was returned and the messenger was shot in the navel, and several more bullets lodged in the seat. The passenger received three buck-shot in the calf of the right leg and

The robbers then disappeared with the boxes. The team started to run, but George Subr grabbed the lines. Stevenson and wife, who were going to Shasta, met the stage. Stevenson says that the passenger was kneeling down in the boot driving, while the stage-driver was operating the brakes. The messenger was inside on the floor lying in a pool of his own blood. Stevenson took charge of the team and drove two miles to Middle Creek, while his wife drove to Redding for Dr. Lawry.

knee.

Your reporter visited the scene and found Montgomery in a dying condition at the hotel at Middle Creek, with his wife wringing her hands and nearly crazed by the tragedy. The driver was resting easily, and George Suhr was walking around ap-parently unburt. The Wells-Fargo boxes are supposed to have contained rich treasire, some placing the estimate as high as

The messenger died about 9 o'clock. Members of Company E went out to search for the robbers, and by some mistaka a young soldier named George Holseworth was shot through the fleshy part of his shoulder and right arm. Several shots were fired at him, but one only took effect. Deputy Sheriff Local being in the vicinity. went to the fellow and helped him home. His wound is not serious.

Intense excitement prevails over the robbery and crowds are scouring the woods in search of the fiends, against whom dire vengence is threatened if they are caught. The messenger was very popular. His body has been brought to Redding and will be shipped to Ukiah tomorrow night. The scene where the robbery was committed was in a wild spot, surrounded by steep mountains and deep ravines, and being very brushy, afforded a secure hiding place for the highway-

men.
The posse tracked the robbers until they

The posse tracked the robbers until they found one of the express boxes, which was broken open and covered with blood. By the aid of the blood tracking would be easy, but for the darkness. Guards, armed with muskets are patrolling the woods.

The robber who ordered the halt is described as a large heavy man. An old convict was in town last week, and it is thought that it is his work. The stage bears evidence of bloody work, being riddled with buckshot and bullets, with blood on the cushions.

on the cushions.

There are several rich mines in French There are several rich mines in French gulch, and it is thought that the shipment of bullion was large. These facts were evidently understood by the highwaymen, and they resolved to take desperate chances. Dozens of wagens and carriages loaded with people visited the scene of the robbery, and even boys, armed with shotguns, took to the woods in search of the road agents. Ex-Assemblyman Shauahan got so excited that he, too, took to the woods with his Winchester. Bloodhounds have been sent for to assist in tracking. At Twenty-second she looked out of the have been sent for to assist in tracking.